

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially againſt his very friend.

*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your ſlander neuer can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,  
She ſhall not long continue loue to him:  
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.

*Th.* Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;  
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,  
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me:  
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much  
As you, in worth diſpraiſe, ſir *Valentine*.

*Du.* And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,  
Beauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)

You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde,  
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.  
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholly,  
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:

But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough:  
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires  
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes  
Should be full fraught with ſerueiceable vowes.

*Du.* I much is the force of heauen-bred Poefie.

*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:  
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares  
Moſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,  
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,  
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Lenians*  
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With ſome ſweet Confort; To their Inſtruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence  
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining griuance:  
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

*Du.* This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue.

*Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in praſtiſe:  
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City preſently  
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well ſkil'd in Muſicke.  
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne  
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduife.

*Du.* About it Gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.*

*1. Out-l.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

*2. Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with 'em.

*3. Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.  
If not: we'll make you fir, and riſe you.

*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.

*Val.* My friends.

*1. Out.* That's not ſo, fir: we are your enemies.

*2. Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

*3. Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe;

A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:

My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,

Of which, if you ſhould here diſturb me,

You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.

*2. Out.* Whether trauell you?

*Val.* To *Verona*.

*1. Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From *Milaine*.

*3. Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there? (*ſtaid,*

*Val.* Some fixteene moneths, and longer might haue

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

*1. Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

*2. Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearſe;

I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,

But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,

Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

*1. Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;

But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.

*2. Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

*Val.* My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,

Or elſe I often had bene often miſerable.

*3. Out.* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,

This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

*1. Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

*Sp.* Maſter, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.

*Val.* Peace villaine.

*2. Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*3. Out.* Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth

Thruſt from the company of awfull men.

My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,

For praſtiſing to ſteale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

*2. Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.

*1. Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe,

But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excuſ'd our lawleſſe liues;

And partly ſeeing you are beautifide

With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,

A Linguift, and a man of ſuch perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

*2. Out.* Indeepe becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,

Therefore, aboute the reſt, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of neceſſity,

And liue as we doe in this wilderneſſe?

*3. Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our confort?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

*1. Out.*

*1. Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.

*2. Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (*ſer'd.*

Provided that you do no outrages

On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.

*3. Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe praſtiſes.

Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;

And ſhow thee all the Treafure we haue got;

Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe.

*Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſician, Silvia.*

*Pro.* Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*;

And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*;

Vnder the colour of commend'ing him,

I haue acceſſe my owne loue to prefer.

But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy;

To be corrupted with my wortheſſe guiſts;

When I proteſt true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vowes,

She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne

In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;

And not withſtanding all her todaine quips,

The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope:

Yet (*Spaniel-like*) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,

The more it growes, and fawnerh on her ſtill;

But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,

And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.

*Th.* How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?

*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue

Will creepe in ſerueice, where it cannot goe.

*Th.* I, but I hope, ſir, that you loue not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.

*Th.* Who, *Silvia*?

*Pro.* I, *Silvia*, for your ſake.

*Th.* I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen

Let's tune: and to o it luſtily a while.

*Ho.* Now, my yong gueſts, me thinks your allycholly;

I pray you why is it?

*In.* Marry (*mine Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.

*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where

you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that

you ask'd for.

*In.* But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.

*Ho.* I that you ſhall.

*In.* That will be Muſique.

*Ho.* Harke, harke.

*In.* Is he among theſe?

*Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare 'em.

*Song.* Who is *Silvia*? what is ſhe?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wiſe ſhe is,

The heauen ſuch grace did lend her;

That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?

For beauty liues with kindeſſe:

Loue doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindneſſe:

*And being help'd, inhabits there,  
Then to *Silvia*, let vs ſing,  
That *Silvia* is excell'ing;  
She excels each mortall thing  
Vpon the duſt earth dwelling.  
To her let vs Garlands bring.*

*Ho.* How now? are you ſadder then you were before;

How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.

*In.* You miſtake: the Muſician likes me not.

*Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?

*In.* He plaies falſe (father.)

*Ho.* How, out of tune on the ſtrings.

*In.* Not ſo: but yet

ſo falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.

*Ho.* You haue a quicke eare. (*heart.*

*In.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow

*Ho.* I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.

*In.* Not a whit, when it iars ſo.

*Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.

*In.* I: that change is the ſpight.

*Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

*In.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing:

But *Hoſt*, doth this *Sir Protheus*, that we talke on,

Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?

*Ho.* I tell you what *Launce* his man told me;

He lou'd her out of all nicke,

*In.* Where is *Launce*?

*Ho.* Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his

Masters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his

Lady.

*In.* Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.

*Pro.* *Sir Thurio*, feare not you, I will ſo pleade,

That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

*Th.* Where meeete we?

*Pro.* At *Saint Gregories* well.

*Th.* Farewell.

*Pro.* Madam: good eu'n to your Ladſhip.

*Sil.* I thank you for your Muſique (*Gentlemen*)

Who is that that ſpoke?

*Pro.* One (*Lady*) if you knew his pure hearts truth,

You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* *Sir Protheus*, as I take it.

*Pro.* *Sir Protheus* (*gentle Lady*) and your Seruant.

*Sil.* What's your will?

*Pro.* That I may compaſſe yours.

*Sil.* You haue your wiſh: my will is euen this,

That preſently you hie you home to bed:

Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man;

Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,

To be ſeduced by thy flattery,

That haſt deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?

Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:

For me (*by this pale queene of night I ſweare*)

I am ſo farre from granting thy request,

That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuite;

And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,

Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant (*sweet loue*) that I did loue a Lady,

But ſhe is dead.

*In.* 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;

For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend

ſuruiues; to whom (*thy ſelfe art witneſſe*)

I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd

To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

*Pro.*